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#58

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



# MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

# SPIDER-MAN®

AND

# GHOST RIDER™



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TOO LATE...!  
CAN'T REACH  
HIM! SPIDER-  
MAN'S AT  
THE MERCY  
OF THE  
**TRAPSTER!**

## PANIC ON PIER ONE!





Stan Lee PRESENTS: **SPIDEY AND THE GHOST RIDER** --TOGETHER!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT, AUTHOR • SAL BUSCEMA & P. MARCOS, ARTISTS • IRV WATANABE, LETTERER • A. GOODWIN, EDITOR • JAN COHEN, COLORIST

# PANIC ON PIER ONE!

SPRING IN THE BIG APPLE--AND THE MOVIE-MAKERS ARE BACK IN TOWN! IN THIS CASE, IT'S THE CREW OF THE STUNT-MASTER TV SHOW, SHOOTING THEIR 2-HOUR SEASON PREMIERE EPISODE ON LOCATION IN MANHATTAN'S LOWER WEST SIDE.

IN FACT, SHOOTING ON A CERTAIN STREET IN CHELSEA WHERE RESIDES A CERTAIN WALL-CRAWLER'S BROWN-HAIRED ALTER-EGO...

MAIN CAMERA'S READY, MR. COLLIER!

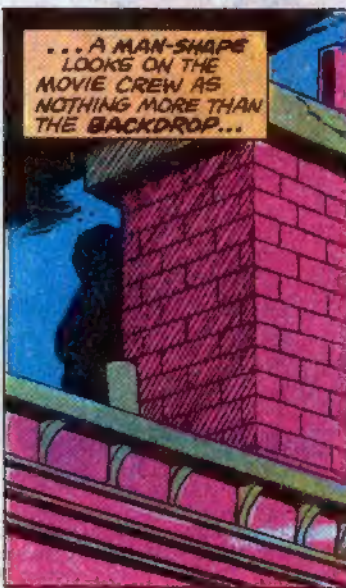
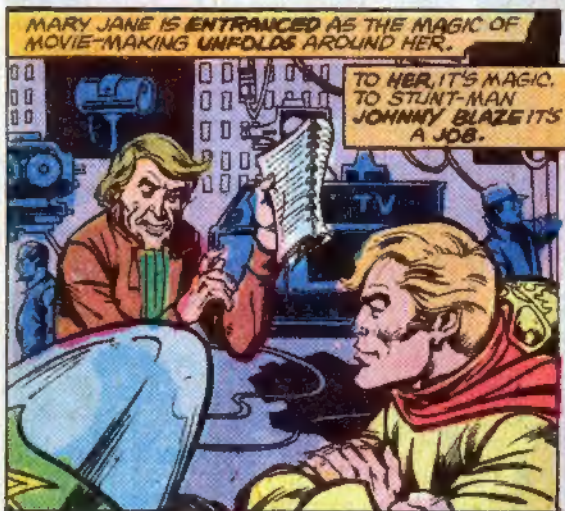
MALDEN! YOU GUYS SLEEPIN' DOWN THERE? GET THOSE LIGHTS SET UP--NOW!

PETER--LOOK! IT'S LIKE WE WANDERED INTO HOLLYWOOD!

SO, ANYWAY, MORRIE, THERE WUZ THIS TIME ON "TAXI DRIVER" WHEN WE WUZ ALL SET T' ROLL AN'...

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**SOUND'S ROLLING, MR. COLLIER!  
CAMERA'S AT SPEED!**

**ALL RIGHT,  
BLAZE!  
ACTION!**

**JOHNNY  
TWISTS THE  
THROTTLE...**

...GUNNING THE MODIFIED  
1200 CC HARLEY DOWN THE  
STREET. ACCORDING TO THE  
SCRIPT, STUNT-MASTER IS  
CHASING A CARLOAD  
OF DRUG SMUGGLERS  
THROUGH RUSH-HOUR  
TRAFFIC, GAINING,  
UNTIL...

**THERE'S THE STUNT-LADY,  
RIGHT ON CUE. MY ONLY  
CHANCE TO MISS HER AT  
THIS SPEED IS TO CUT  
LEFT--TOWARDS THOSE  
PARKED CARS!**

**WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT, THE BIKE ROARS UP THE FASTBACK ROOF OF A PARKED PORSCHE. USING IT  
A SPRINGBOARD, JOHNNY JUMPS THE CYCLE FROM CAR TO CAR. IT'S ONE HAIRY STUNT,  
BUT IT'S WHAT JOHNNY BLAZE DOES BEST...**

**OH, LORD,  
NO!!**

...FOR AS LONG AS HE LIVES.

**SHAP!**

**THUT**

**MY WHEEL--! IT  
HIT SOMETHING  
ON THE CAR  
ROOF! BUT AT  
THIS SPEED--!!**

**HOLY  
HANNAH!**

**MY FRONT WHEEL'S  
GONE! THAT GLOP'S  
LIKE INSTANT CONCRETE!  
GOTTA THROW MY  
WEIGHT FORWARD...**

...GET THE BIKE TO  
COMPLETE THE FLIP  
IT ALREADY STARTED  
AND LAND ON THE  
BACK WHEEL!

**DID IT!  
NOW...FULL  
THROTTLE!**

**OH, NO! I MEANT TO KEEP THE  
CYCLE IN A WHEELIE BUT IT  
BOUNCED INTO THE AIR AGAIN!  
I'M HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THE  
CAMERA CREW!**



THINK FAST, BLAZE! OF COURSE!  
STUNT-MASTER'S CYCLE-JETS! THE  
BACKLASH IS GONNA BE VICIOUS--

--BUT I GOT  
NO OTHER  
CHOICE!



**VWOOSH!**

MARY JANE,  
GET DOWN!

PETEY,  
I--

UNNGHH!

MARY JANE!



I MADE IT! I THINK I HURT  
SOME PEOPLE ON THE WAY...  
BUT I MIGHT HAVE KILLED  
THEM ALL!

NOW I  
CAN WORRY  
ABOUT  
SAVING ME!



...AND THAT MAY TAKE  
MORE THAN MORTAL STRENGTH  
AND SKILL! MUST BECOME--



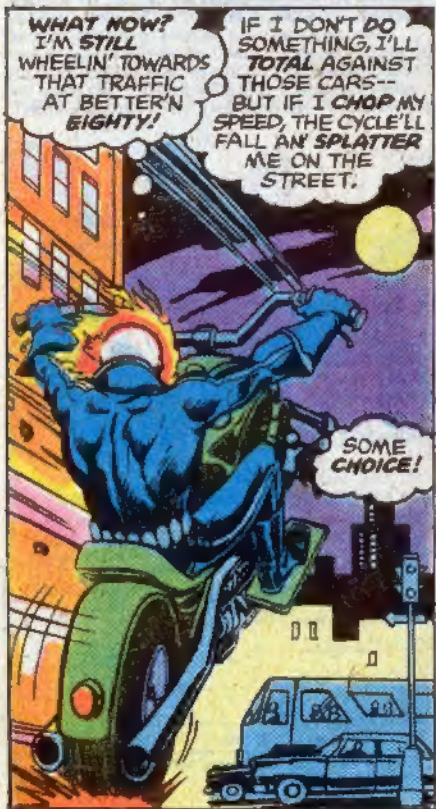
--THE GHOST  
RIDER!



WHAT NOW?  
I'M STILL  
WHEELIN' TOWARDS  
THAT TRAFFIC  
AT BETTER'N  
EIGHTY!

IF I DON'T DO  
SOMETHING, I'LL  
TOTAL AGAINST  
THOSE CARS--  
BUT IF I CHOP MY  
SPEED, THE CYCLE'LL  
FALL AN SPLATTER  
ME ON THE  
STREET.

SOME  
CHOICE!



DON'T DESPAIR, HOTSHOT.  
SOMEONE ELSE HAS  
SPOTTED YOUR PREDICA-  
MENT AND IS DOING  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

HATED TO LEAVE MJ, BUT  
THE FILM COMPANY MEDIC  
IS LOOKING  
AFTER  
HER...

...AND  
BLAZE  
LOOKS  
LIKE HE  
NEEDS MY  
HELP!

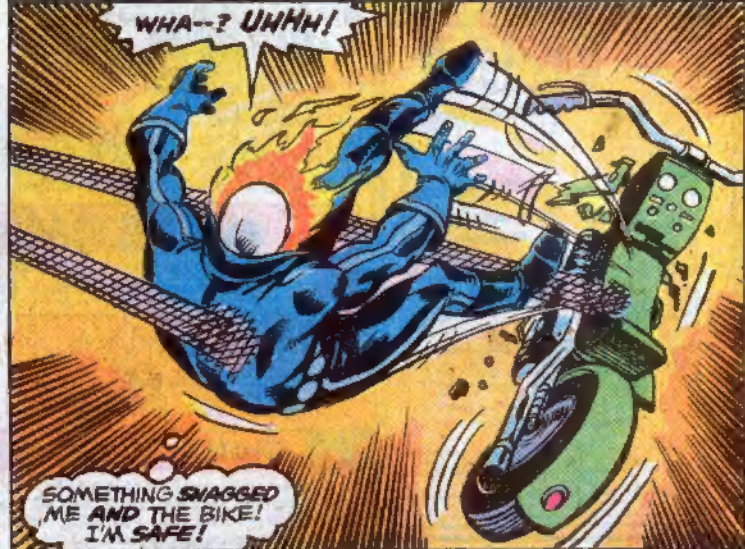


I'LL ONLY HAVE TIME  
FOR ONE SHOT--AND  
THAT'S GONNA BE  
CUTTING THINGS  
CLOSE!

I MAKE A WRONG  
MOVE NOW AN' THERE  
WON'T BE ENOUGH  
LEFT OF BLAZE  
TO BURY!









YOUR ANSWERS  
ARE UP HERE,  
YA FLAMED-  
FACED FREAK!

THE  
**TRAPSTER**  
IS BACK!!

I HAD YOU DEAD,  
GHOST RIDER,  
UNTIL THIS WEB-  
SLINGER STEPPED  
IN WHERE HE  
WASN'T WANTED!

STICK AROUND.  
HERO—'CAUSE FIRST  
I'M FINISHIN' SPIDER-  
MAN OFF! AN' THEN,  
I'M COMIN'  
FER YOU!!

SHEESH! AND  
I WAS HOPING  
FOR A QUIET EVENING  
AT HOME WITH  
MARY JANE!

THE TRAPSTER'S GETTING  
AWAY! ISN'T ANYONE GOING  
TO STOP HIM?! OR EVEN  
TRY?!!





ONE WILL, MISS!  
THE ONLY ONE WITH  
THE POWER AND  
SKILL TO DO THE  
JOB!

IN ALL THIS  
CONFUSION  
NOBODY HAS  
PAID ME ANY  
NOTICE YET!

MAYBE  
I CAN SLIP  
AWAY  
BEFORE I  
CAUSE A  
PANIC!



IT'S MY FAULT  
SPIDEY'S IN DANGER,  
MY LIFE HE SAVED!  
THAT'S TWICE, NOW,  
HE'S PUT ME IN  
HIS DEBT--



--AND THIS COWBOY  
ALWAYS PAYS WHAT  
HE OWES.

TRAPSTER'S PASTE AM-  
BUSH ZAPPED MY REAL  
BIKE, SO IF I'M GONNA  
FOLLOW THE MAN I'LL  
NEED--

--MY FLAME  
CYCLE!



IN SECONDS THE  
SUPERNATURAL  
CYCLIST IS OFF--  
AND--RUNNING, ON  
A MYSTIC CYCLE  
FORMED BY THE  
POWER OF HIS  
WILL.

THERE'S TRAPSTER,  
SILHOUETTED AGAINST  
THE FULL MOON--HE'S HEADING  
FOR THE RIVER!



I'VE HEARD OF "FLYING  
THE FRIENDLY SKIES"  
BEFORE, BUT THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS! MIND TELL-  
ING ME WHAT THIS IS  
ALL ABOUT, TRAPPY?

CONSIDER IT A...  
DYING  
REQUEST?

LAUGH AWAY, HERO!  
IT'S GONNA BE A  
LONG FALL TO THE  
HARBOR.

BUT WHY  
NOT? TELLIN'  
YOU WON'T  
MAKE ANY  
DIFFERENCE!



"THE POLICE DIDN'T TAKE ANY  
CHANCES WHEN THEY PICKED US  
UP FROM THE BAXTER BUILDING--  
THEY PUT SANDMAN IN A HER-  
METICALLY-SEALED HOLDING  
CELL....

\*AFTER THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR'S  
DEFEAT IN FF #178--ARCHIE.



"...AND THEY KEPT  
WIZARD AN' ME UN-  
DER HEAVY GUARD  
WHILE WE CHANGED  
INTO PRISON  
UNIFORMS.



"I FIGURED WE'D HAD IT THIS  
TIME. I SHOULD'A KNOWN  
BETTER.

HOLD IT, WIZARD!  
WHAT'S WRONG?

MY TOOTH--  
CRACKED OPEN WHEN  
THE THING STRUCK  
ME! I...CAN'T  
STAND THE...PAIN!!





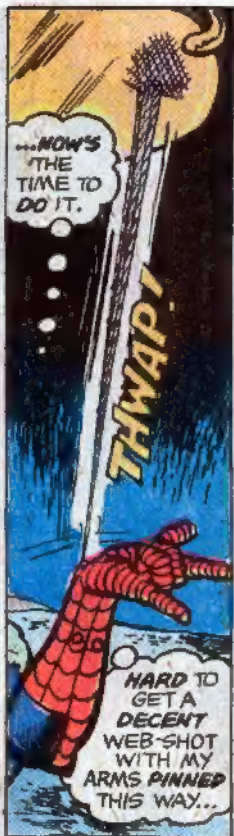




I HAD IT ALL PLANNED, BLUSTER, RIGHT DOWN TO USIN' ONE O' THE WIZARD'S ANTI-GRAY PLATFORMS FOR MY GETAWAY.

AN' THEN YOU BUTTED IN!

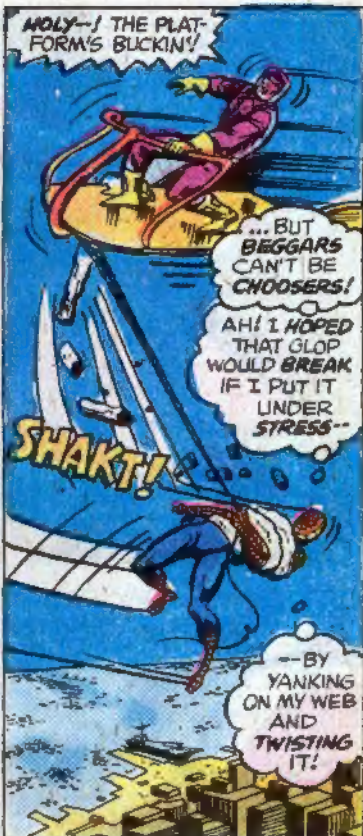
THAT SOUNDS OMINOUS--SO IF I'M GOING TO MAKE MY PLAY...



...NOW'S THE TIME TO DO IT.

THWAP!

HARD TO GET A DECENT WEB SHOT WITH MY ARMS PINNED THIS WAY...



HOLY--! THE PLATFORM'S BUCKIN'!

...BUT BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS!

AH! I HOPED THAT GLOP WOULD BREAK IF I PUT IT UNDER STRESS--

SHAKT!

--BY YANKING ON MY WEB AND TWISTING IT!



NOW, ALL IT TAKES IS A QUICK FLIP, AND...

HI, THERE, BUNKIE! MIND IF I HITCH A RIDE?!

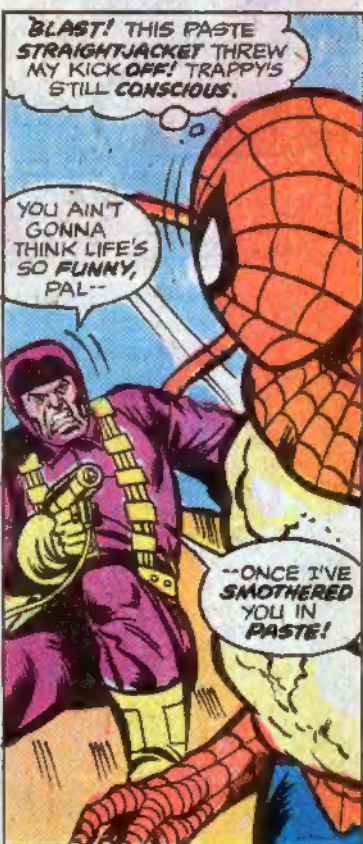
YOU BROKE MY PASTE-LINE! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



SO ARE GUYS WHO CRAWL UP WALLS, DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?

NOT TO MENTION HUMAN TORCHES, ASGARDIAN GODS, WEREWOLVES--MAN, THE WHOLE WORLD IS IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT'S WHY LIVING IN IT IS SO MUCH FUN!

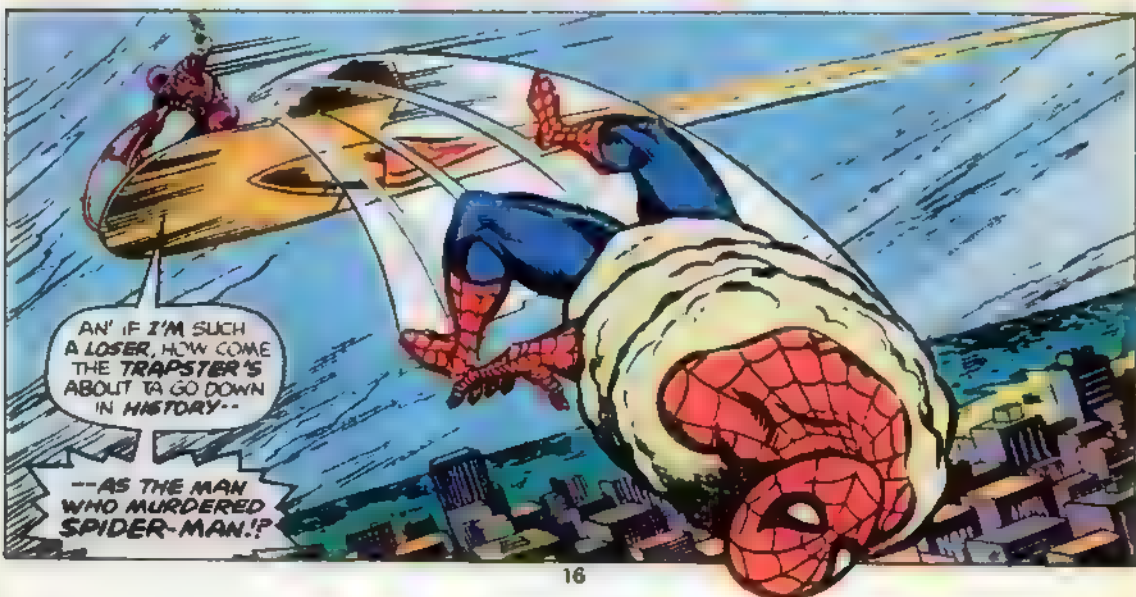
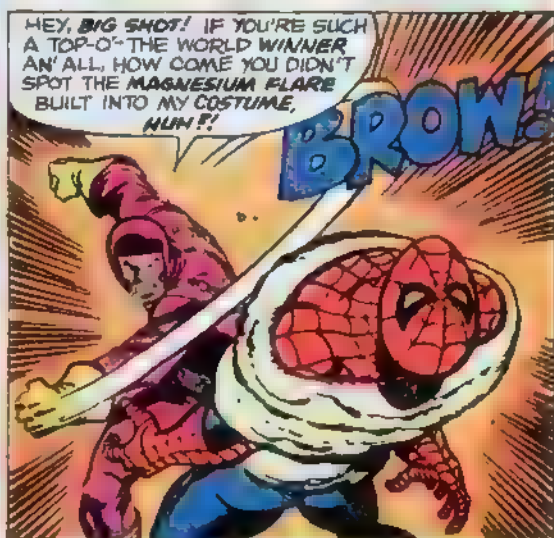
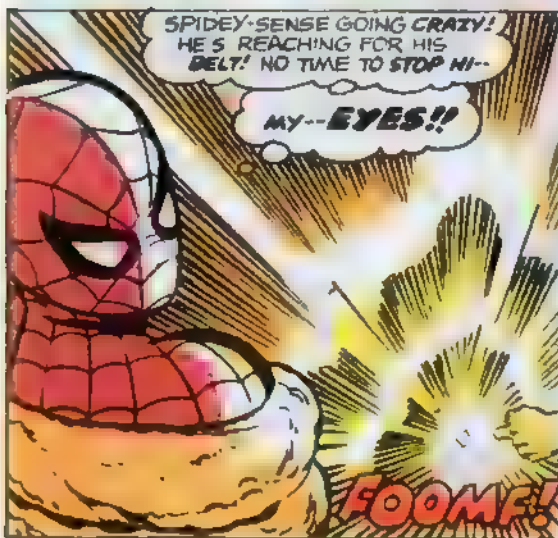
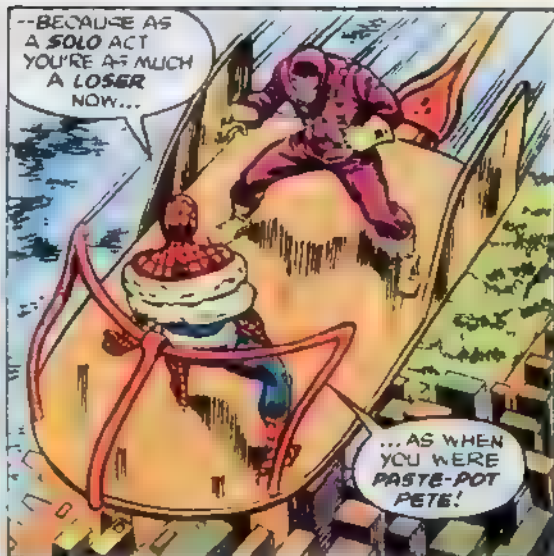


BLAST! THIS PASTE STRAJTJACKET THREW MY KICK OFF! TRAPPY'S STILL CONSCIOUS.

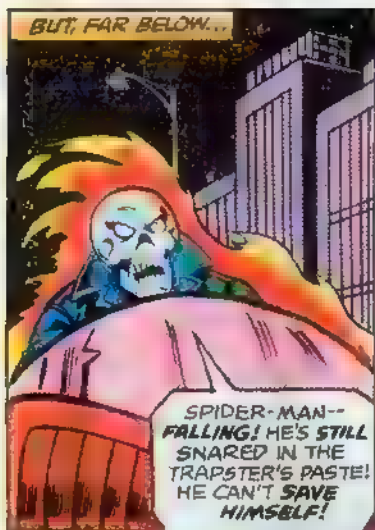
YOU AIN'T GONNA THINK LIFE'S SO FUNNY, PAL--

--ONCE I'VE SMOTHERED YOU IN PASTE!



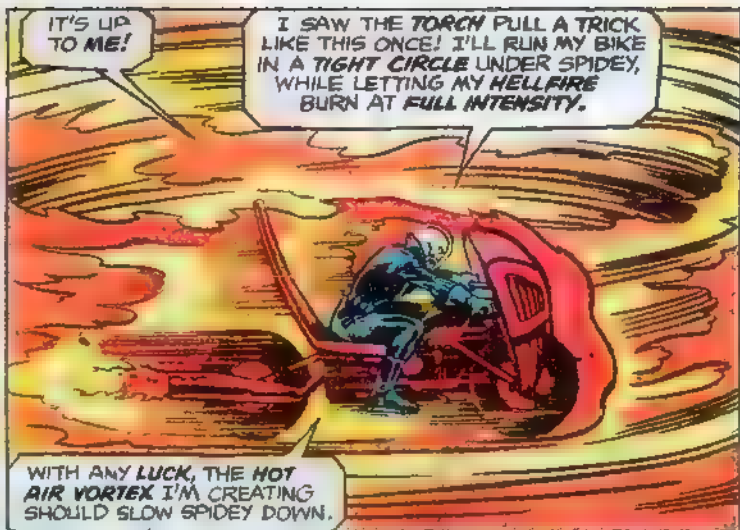






BUT, FAR BELOW...

SPIDER-MAN--  
FALLING! HE'S STILL  
SNARED IN THE  
TRAPSTER'S PASTE!  
HE CAN'T SAVE  
HIMSELF!



IT'S UP  
TO ME!

I SAW THE TORCH PULL A TRICK  
LIKE THIS ONCE! I'LL RUN MY BIKE  
IN A TIGHT CIRCLE UNDER SPIDEY,  
WHILE LETTING MY HELLFIRE  
BURN AT FULL INTENSITY.

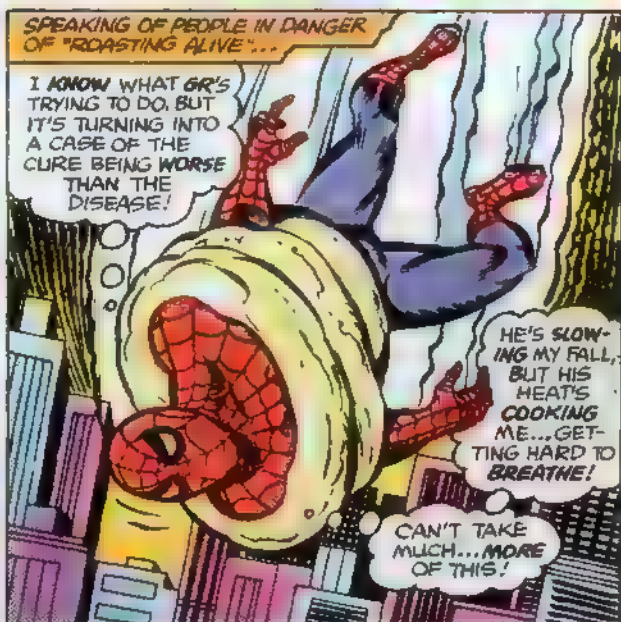
WITH ANY LUCK, THE HOT  
AIR VORTEX I'M CREATING  
SHOULD SLOW SPIDEY DOWN.



THAT IT DOES, BUT THE SUDDEN, VIOLENT  
UPDRAFT ALSO TURNS THIS STRETCH OF  
ELEVENTH AVENUE INTO AN OPEN-AIR  
FURNACE

YEEOW!  
WE GOTTA  
GET  
INSIDE!

HURRY,  
JOEY! BEFORE  
WE'RE ROASTED  
ALIVE!

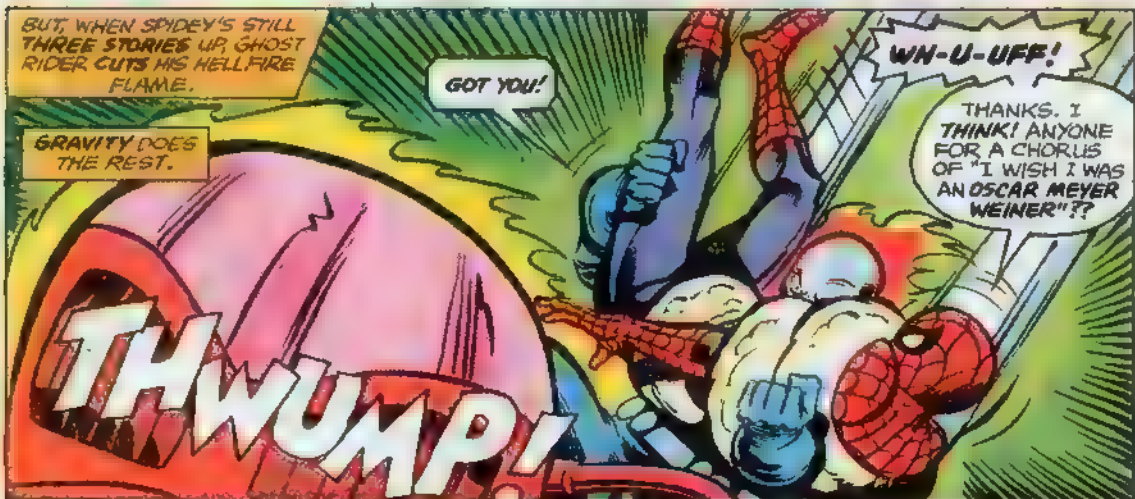


SPEAKING OF PEOPLE IN DANGER  
OF "ROASTING ALIVE"...

I KNOW WHAT GR'S  
TRYING TO DO, BUT  
IT'S TURNING INTO  
A CASE OF THE  
CURE BEING WORSE  
THAN THE  
DISEASE!

HE'S SLOW-  
ING MY FALL,  
BUT HIS  
HEAT'S  
COOKING  
ME... GET-  
TING HARD TO  
BREATHE!

CAN'T TAKE  
MUCH... MORE  
OF THIS!



BUT, WHEN SPIDEY'S STILL  
THREE STORIES UP, GHOST  
RIDER CUTS HIS HELLFIRE  
FLAME.

GRAVITY DOES  
THE REST.

GOT YOU!

WH-U-UFF!

THANKS. I  
THINK! ANYONE  
FOR A CHORUS  
OF "I WISH I WAS  
AN OSCAR MEYER  
WEINER"??



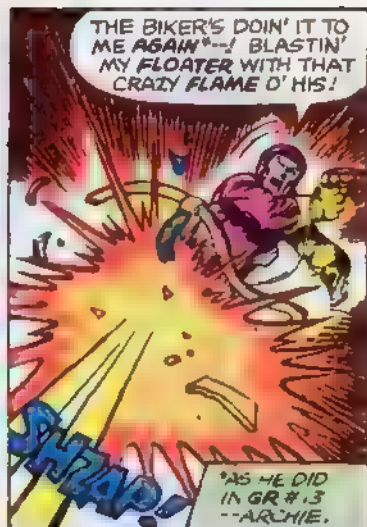


JOKE LATER!  
THE TRAPSTERS  
COMING  
AROUND FOR  
A SECOND  
SHOT!



WHICH  
IS HIS  
BIG  
MISTAKE!

BECAUSE HIS  
WEAPONS  
MEAN NOTHING  
AGAINST THE  
POWER OF--  
HELLFIRE!



THE BIKER'S DOIN' IT TO  
ME AGAIN!--I BLASTIN'  
MY FLOATER WITH THAT  
CRAZY FLAME O' HIS!

\*AS HE DID  
IN GR #13  
--ARCHIE.



THE ANTI-GRAY UNIT'S  
SMOKIN'! IT'LL BE BURNIN'  
IN A MINUTE! I GOTTA  
FIND A PLACE TO SET  
DOWN, SOMEWHERE I  
CAN USE MY TRAPS TO  
DEMOLISH THOSE  
COSTUMED CREEPS!

AN' THAT  
CARRIER LOOKS  
MADE-TO-  
ORDER!



THE USS MALIBU--95,000 TONS, A THOUSAND FEET LONG BY A  
HUNDRED-FORTY WIDE, THE PRIDE OF UNCLE SAM'S NUCLEAR  
NAVY, IN NEW YORK ON A COURTESY VISIT.

KRASH!

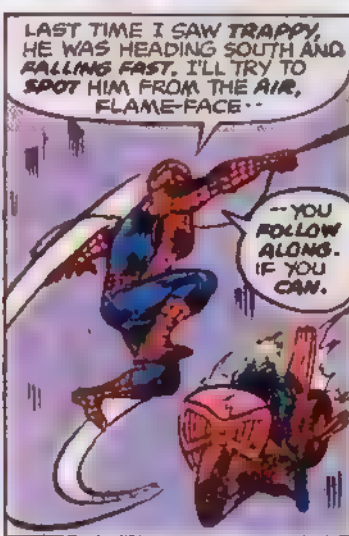
UNFORTUNATELY, THIS  
ISN'T THE WELCOME  
HER CAPTAIN HAD  
EXPECTED.



MEANWHILE, THREE BLOCKS UP-  
TOWN...

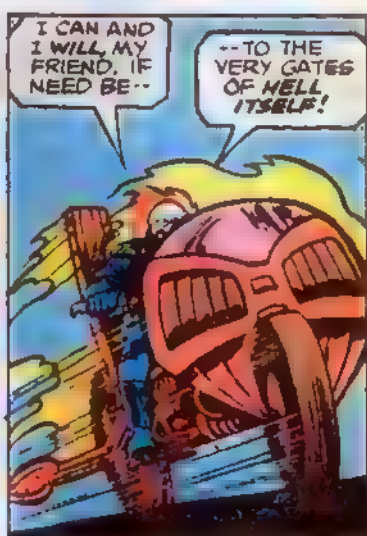
I'LL BURN  
YOU FREE!

NO NEED, GR!  
NOW THAT I'VE  
GOT MY FEET  
BACK ON THE  
GROUND, AND I  
CAN BRACE  
MYSELF!



LAST TIME I SAW TRAPPY,  
HE WAS HEADING SOUTH AND  
FALLING FAST. I'LL TRY TO  
SPOT HIM FROM THE AIR,  
FLAME-FACE--

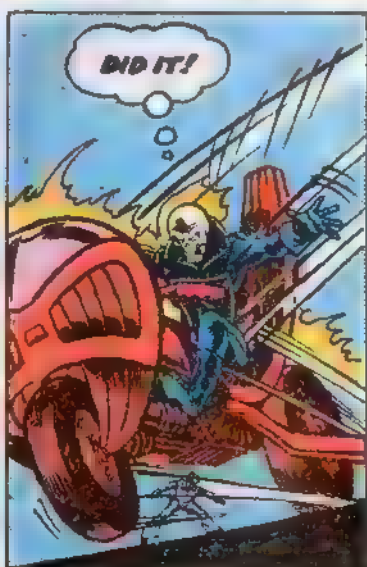
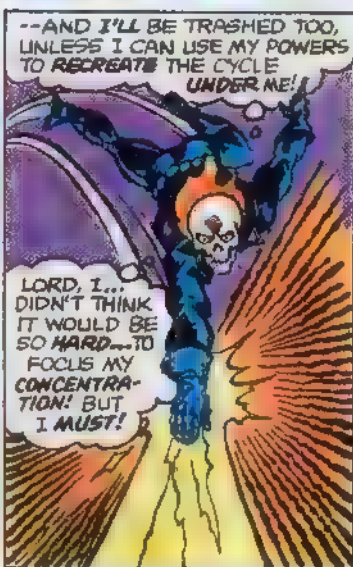
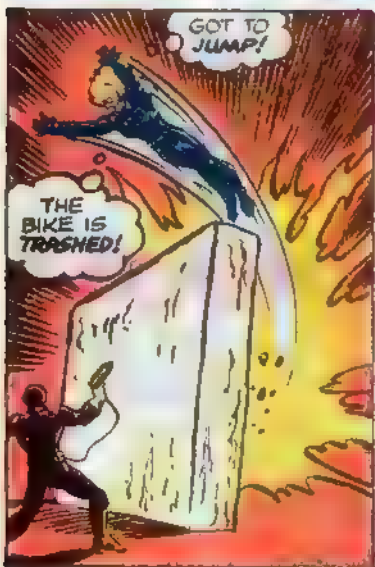
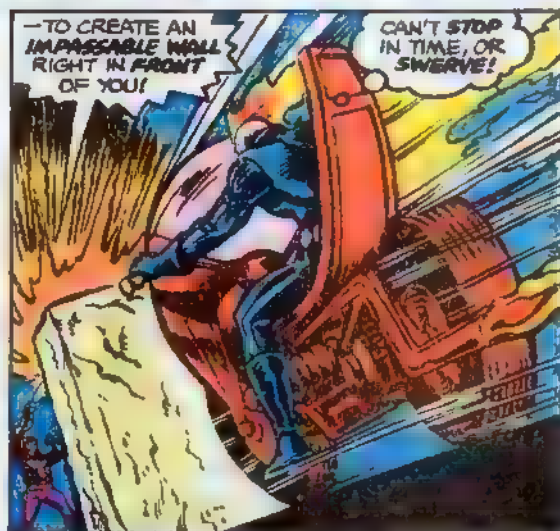
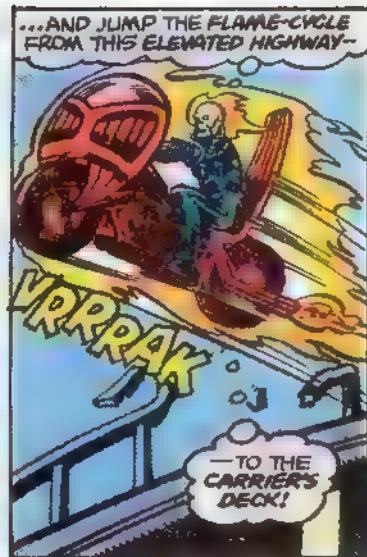
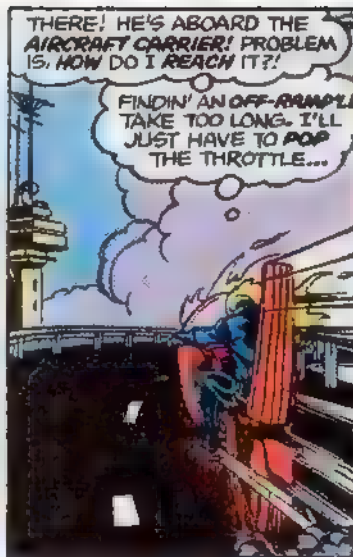
--YOU  
FOLLOW  
ALONG.  
IF YOU  
CAN.



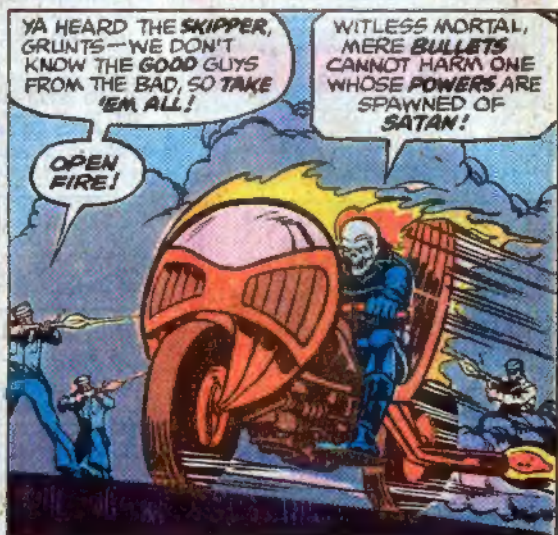
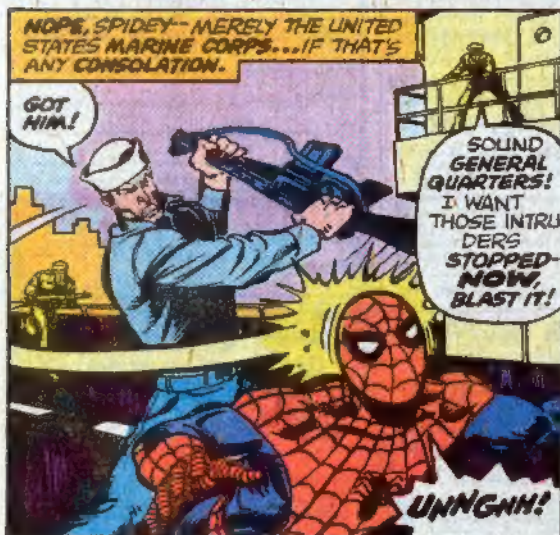
I CAN AND  
I WILL, MY  
FRIEND, IF  
NEED BE--

--TO THE  
VERY GATES  
OF HELL  
ITSELF!













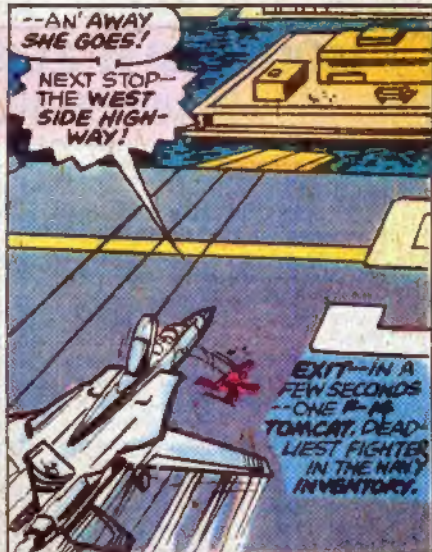
FINE WITH ME, BUSTER. THE BIGGER THE BANG, THE BETTER.

WITH MY INSTINCTIVE KNOWLEDGE OF MECHANICAL GIZMOS, IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY HOOKIN' UP THE STARTER TRUCK.



ALL I GOTTA DO IS HIT THE RIGHT LEVERS...

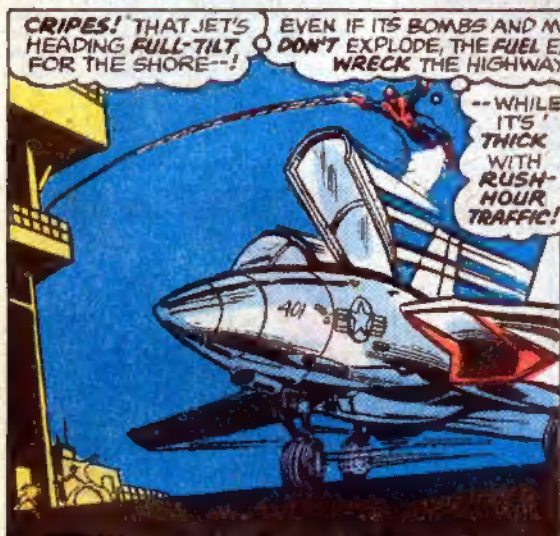
BEAUTIFUL! LISTEN TO THOSE ENGINES ROAR! NOW I'LL SHOVE THE THROTTLE ALL THE WAY OPEN--



--AN' AWAY SHE GOES!

NEXT STOP--THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY!

EXIT--IN A FEW SECONDS --ONE P-40 TOMCAT, DEAD LIEST FIGHTER IN THE NAVY INVENTORY.



CRIPES! THAT JET'S HEADING FULL-TILT FOR THE SHORE--!

EVEN IF ITS BOMBS AND MISSILES DON'T EXPLODE, THE FUEL EXPLOSION'LL WRECK THE HIGHWAY--

--WHILE IT'S THICK WITH RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC!



OKAY, HOTSHOT, YOU MADE THE JET-- BUT YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM THE COCKPIT!

AN' BY THE TIME I GET THERE, IT'LL BE ALL OVER!



OKAY, WEB-SHOOTERS, DO YOUR STUFF!

ONE WEB-LINE FOR THE CONTROL YOKE, THE OTHER FOR THE THROTTLE...

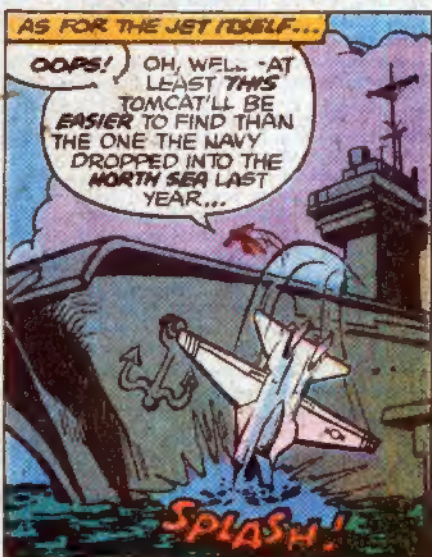
THWIPT!



ONLY SECONDS LEFT-- SO PULL, HERO--

PULL!

ABRUPTLY, THE JET-ROAR DIES AWAY-- THE SUDDEN SILENCE DEAFENING FOR A MOMENT.



AS FOR THE JET ITSELF...

OOOPS! OH, WELL--AT LEAST THIS TOMCAT'LL BE EASIER TO FIND THAN THE ONE THE NAVY DROPPED INTO THE NORTH SEA LAST YEAR...

SPLASH!



SOMEHOW, THOUGH, I DON'T THINK THE NAVY'LL APPRECIATE THE DISTINCTION.

GR'S GOT TRAPPY ON THE RUN--THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE HANGAR DECK.

GOOD LORD! IF THIS SHIP'S AT BATTLE STATIONS, THAT DECK'LL BE CROWDED WITH JET FUEL AND AMMO! AND IF THOSE IDIOTS START BLASTING EACH OTHER--

--THEY COULD END UP BLOWING THE CARRIER TO KINGDOM COME!

I KNEW IT! GR'S BACKED TRAPPY INTO A CORNER!

AVGAS POSITIVELY NO SMOKING!

NUCLEAR WEAPONS FLIGHT LOADING AREA →

NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL

AND IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT. THIS SHIP CARRIES NUCLEAR WEAPONS--IF THOSE BABIES GET TRIGGERED...

IT'S ALL OVER, FOOL-- YOU'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO RUN.

GHOST RIDER, STOP! IF YOU BLAST HIM WITH YOUR HELLFIRE, YOU'LL KILL US ALL!

UNNNH!

SHOK!

AWAY, SPIDER-MAN--

--OR FEEL MORE THAN A TASTE OF WHAT MY HELLFIRE CAN DO!

FLAME-- IT'S COLD! BURNING ONLY MY... MIND...

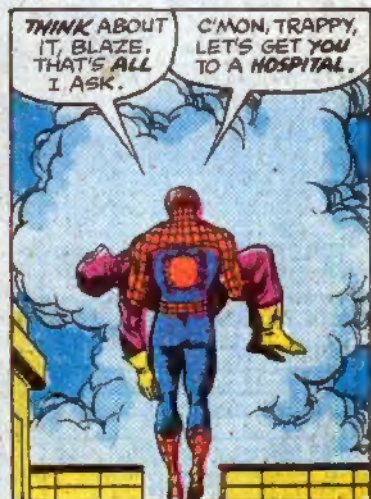
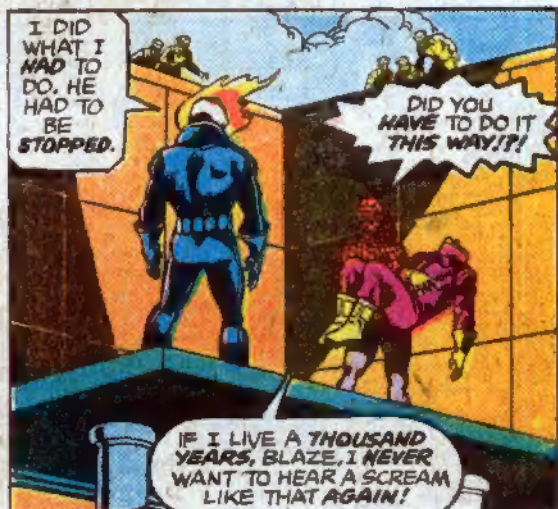
BACK OFF-- BOTH OF YOU!

I GOT A BOMB IN MY HAND. I PUSH THE TRIGGER BUTTON AN' THIS SHIP BECOMES INSTANT SCRAP!

AN' I WILL, SO HELP ME, IF YOU DON'T LET ME GO!

NO, YOU WON'T, TRAPSTER!





**NEXT ISSUE:** YELLOWJACKET AND THE WONDROUS WASP JOIN FORCES WITH SPIDEY AGAINST THE MENACE OF THE ENIGMATIC ELEMENTAL KNOWN ONLY AS EQUINOX, AND FIND THEMSELVES FACE-TO-FACE WITH...

**DEATH BY FIRE, DEATH BY ICE!**